









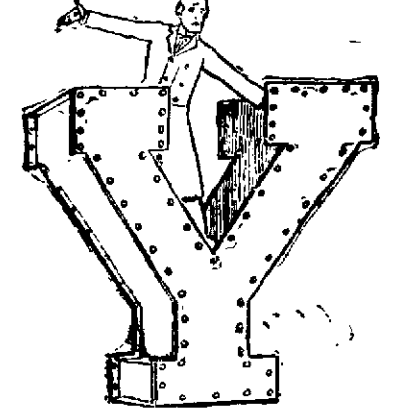
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For the favorite and leaders in the 1900. Popular and pleasant Amford to the 1900. No one can afford to do without Good Pictures when they are obtained with so little trouble and expense.

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## SUBURBAN NEWS.

Happenings of Interest in Our  
Neighbor Towns.

## AT ADAMS TODAY.

**Ell Berner Stole a Watch and Then Threw it into the River—Stone Masons Strike Because Their Employer Furnishes Stone for a Non-Union Job—A Shorthand and Typewriting School to be Opened Here—Gussie Brady Bitten by a Dog—Saturday's Base Ball Game—Other Local News.**

## BERNOR STOLE A WATCH.

And Afterwards Threw it into the River to Avoid Conviction.

Ell Berner was in Herman hall on Spring street Thursday morning watching some members of the Turn Verein association go through their exercises. When the drillers completed their work, Charles Walfron went into the dressing room to put on his clothes. When he came to his vest he found that his gold watch was missing. Berner had been in this room and they suspected him of knowing something about the timepiece. They reported to the police and Thursday night chief Curran went to the clerk's office with the man whose watch had been stolen, to procure a warrant. While he was in the office Captain Hodcker met Berner on the street and, seeking to retain him, told him the chief desired to see him. Berner walked along with the officer and when on Center street bridge, he stepped behind and taking something from his pocket, dropped it over the bridge. The officer heard something strike. Afterwards the officers looked in the shallow river under the bridge and found the watch.

In court this morning Berner was found guilty and fined \$35.

Marion Cone was fined \$5 this morning for drunkenness.

## MASON'S WON'T WORK

Because Their Employer is Furnishing Stone for a Non-Union Job.

Thursday the stone masons in the employ of Patrick J. Barrett decided to leave the work Mr. Barrett has on hand for the following reasons: Mr. Barrett has contracted with the Mannesmann Cycle Tube works to furnish them with all the stone to be used in the construction of their big dam at Zylonite. He is taking the refuse stone from the marble quarries for their use. The masons who have refused to work claim that the Tube company is to employ non-union work men on the job and for that reason they think Mr. Barrett is not acting properly in furnishing the stone.

## Thinks McKinley's Victory Sure.

Wednesday, L. Crafts, a drummer representing Eggman, Duguid & Co., Toledo, O., trunk and bag manufacturers, called at Jenks & Mooney's clothing store and attempted to sell Mr. Mooney a bill of goods. Finally he made a proposition which Mr. Mooney accepted, to sell him all the goods he wanted up to \$500, payable when McKinley and Hobart or, rather the electors who will elect them, are chosen. He made a written agreement that the order will not have to be paid for if McKinley is not elected and only the regular price will be asked if they are not. This shows how matters stand in the vicinity of his home. Mr. Mooney gave an order for about \$50 worth of goods.

## Another Series of Games.

The Redfords have arranged another series of games with the Stanleys of Pittsfield on account of the unsatisfactory ending of the last series. The first game will be played on the Redford grounds Saturday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock and the second in Pittsfield next Wednesday. McBride and Raily will be battery for the local nine Saturday afternoon. If it is necessary to play the third game of the series the managers will decide as to whether it will be played in Pittsfield, Adams or elsewhere. The games will be hotly contested and local lovers of the game should turn out in numbers on Saturday.

## To Open a School of Shorthand.

John W. Keller is to open a school of shorthand and typewriting in Richmond's block on Center street the first of October. He will have three sessions daily at the following hours: 9 to 12 a.m.; 1.30 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Mr. Keller has had long experience and the prospects are that his school will be largely attended.

## Bitten by a Dog.

Wednesday afternoon Gussie Brady, the little son of Emer Brady of Bellevue avenue, was playing near his home with a dog and was bitten on the leg in three places. Dr. Thomas Riley was called and he dressed the wounds.

Mrs. Margaret Orr and Archie C. McKensie will be married at the home of the bride's parents at Renslow on the evening of Wednesday, September 30.

The social committee of Division 3, A. O. U. M., will meet tonight.

Miss Nora McLaughlin of Clinton is visiting her nephew, Dr. W. F. O'Malley.

Mrs. N. M. Walcher and daughter Mrs. Sherman, are in New York city on business.

The new boilers in the Berkshire mills are nearly set up and L. A. Weston expects to finish his work there next week.

Miss Edith Simmons has returned to Wellesley college.

Mrs. Walter Gibbs has returned home to Pawtucket, R. I.

The Thursday afternoon reading club met with Mrs. N. H. Dixby this week and the following program was carried out: Roll call; reading from Ivanhoe, Mrs. W. B. Orr; reading from Chateaufort, Mrs. T. A. Richmond; current literary events, Mrs. W. H. Bates.

The wind slammed the front door of the Greylock house this morning with

## such force as to break one of the thick glass plates.

The funeral of the late Sigefred Beards was held this morning. Rev. Fr. Triganza conducted the services at Notre Dame church and the St. Jean Baptiste society marched.

A New England dinner will be served by the women of St. Mark's church in the parish house Tuesday noon, and supper will be served in the evening.

A. L. Phillips of the Phillips Woolen company has accepted a position as salesman for the Knowles loom works of Worcester. He has had long experience in the manufacture of woollens and will handle woolen machinery exclusively.

The concert to have been given at the opera house Thursday evening by the Harmonica quartet, for the benefit of the Barker bell fund, was indefinitely postponed.

C. E. Legate is in New York on business.

Miss Anna Reagan of North Adams is visiting the Misses Kearn on Summer street.

Miss Anna K. Green has returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., to resume her duties as teacher in a female seminary.

Bills are out for the dance to be held by Division 3, A. O. U. M., next Wednesday evening.

These real estate transfers have been recorded: Harriet C. Dean to Lorin A. Dean; North Adams Savings bank to David Richmond; Clara M. Walling to Alfred H. Sumner, \$3000; Edwin A. Green to John H. Sumner, \$1300.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Clara Flint will be held from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Buel E. Cole, at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon and interment will be in Chelsea.

Michael Powers, the catcher and captain of the Holy Cross baseball nine, is at the home of his mother here for a few days. He will probably catch for Renslow in Saturday's ball game.

## CHESHIRE.

The schools closed on Wednesday for the fair at Pittsfield.

The teachers held a convention at Dalton today and the schools are closed.

Mrs. W. H. Clark and child of Hartford, Conn., are stopping here among relatives.

The funeral of Brenton Baker was held from his late residence at Zylonite at 1 o'clock p. m. Thursday. The remains were interred here.

Mrs. Henry Davis and Mrs. N. W. Moore went to Pittsfield Thursday.

Rev. E. W. Harding will be given a reception at the residence of J. D. Northup on Depot street Tuesday evening. He is expected to preach his farewell sermon on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Bissell will preach Sunday on "The Day of Judgment."

Mrs. R. M. Knight of Dalton is again permanently residing with her daughter here, Mrs. R. V. Wood.

Mrs. Clark, wife of Assistant Division Superintendent S. H. Clark of the Boston and Albany railroad at East Albany, is expected to visit her old schoolmate, Mrs. C. E. Bissell next week.

There was another injunction placed on the entrance to the Baptist church Thursday night by Sheriff Frink of North Adams, but there were no locks put on the doors this time. The injunction was signed by sixty-eight members of the church, and the whole of the forty-one who signed the call for the meeting to be held Monday evening for the purpose of incorporating the society were notified.

Sheriff Frink had a hard time to go about the town to notify each of the forty-one signers of the call in the rain. Chief Justice Albert Mason of the superior court issued the injunction and each of these men is ordered to appear at Pittsfield the 5th of October. The calling of a meeting and the usual injunction notice following is becoming a common occurrence.

## WILLIAMSTOWN.

Real Estate Transfers.

These local real estate transactions have been recorded recently: Clement H. Cummings to Helen A. Randall, \$50; Henrietta Cole to Jessie Bentley et al; Edward M. Pratt to Henry N. Pratt; Williamstown Water company to Charles W. Sherman; Hoosac Savings bank to Laura A. Sherman; Berkshire Savings bank to Henrietta G. Cole; Arthur J. Wilber to Mary K. Dooley; Laura A. Sherman to Mary K. Dooley, \$500; Mary K. Dooley to Williamstown Water company, \$500.

Cook Wanted—Apply in person at Duncan House.

## BLACKINTON.

Miss Annie Evans of Seymour, Conn., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. and Mrs. David Butler of New Haven, Conn., visited friends in town Wednesday.

Thomas Thomas, pitcher for the baseball team, is suffering from a sprained ankle received by stepping on a stone near his home on Mill street.

At the coming cattle show at North Adams the Carpenter farm will be represented by their fine bands of Jersey cows, also two heads of Hood's imported Jerseys. They will also show three of their fine Alcantara cows. Joo will enter one of the trotts and Almar, own brother to Foggy, (213) who went a mile last week in 2.08 will also be shown. We expect to hear something good from the Carpenter farm before many seasons.

At the Republican caucus held in Williamstown the Davis delegates were beaten by the Hall delegates. Although defeated, Mr. Davis received a good vote from his Blackinton friends, and the abuse he received from others would credit to a presidential campaign of ten years ago.

A. N. Smith attended the cattle show at Pittsfield Thursday.

Rev. John Evans of Newfield, N. J., is visiting his sisters here. John was formerly a Blackinton boy but is now pastor of the Baptist church in the above place.

A horse driven by a Williamstown man dropped dead in front of the school house Thursday afternoon while being driven to Williamstown.

Several from this place attended the fair at Charlestown today.

Hearing from my wife and the malds yesterday morning, I called him up and with my wife did him up. I was not able to stir, and yet I could not make him confess any of the lies that they tax him with. At last, not willing to let him go away a conqueror, I took him in task again and pulled off his frock to his shirt and whipped him till he did confess that he did drink the whey, which he had denied, and pulled a pink, and above all denied the candlestick upon the ground in his chamber, which he had denied this quarter of a year. I confess that it is one of the most honest things I have ever seen with think such a little boy as he could possibly be able to suffer half so much as he did to maintain a lie. I think I must be forced to put him away. So to bed with my arm very weary.—Samuel Foggy.

## BRAYTONVILLE.

One of the number of electric lights which are to be located in different parts of the city has been placed on the county road near the new school house and was lighted for the first time last evening.

The residents of Riverview avenue have sent in a petition for three of these lights and are hoping their wants have been favorably considered by the board.

A meeting of the Ladies Sewing society was held in the chapel Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sykes and children of Rockville, Conn., are visiting at the home of his brother Thomas W. Sykes.

A few of the hands in the mill resumed work Wednesday morning after a stop of six weeks.

Charles Williams, formerly teamster at the mill here has accepted a similar position with Mrs. E. W. Harrison.

## POWNA.

The two burglars, Walker and Fitzgerald, who were brought here Wednesday, for a hearing before Justice Norwood, contrary to general expectation pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary. Both were very young men, only 21 years of age, and did not show in their faces any very desperate traits of character. They looked more like Englishmen. One gave his occupation as a hospital nurse, the other as a shoe cutter. They took their position very calmly, being to their future. They told Thompson, the walker, that they preferred to be in their own shoes rather than his. They were taken to Bennington at night by Constable. Norwood and will undoubtedly be sentenced to term of years in state prison, by Judge Darling. It is a matter of congratulation that the county was spared the expense of a trial.

Mrs. H. W. Myers and Mrs. E. E. Potter entertained the Baptist Industrial society in the rectory of the church Wednesday.

A large number of present. The following were appointed a pulp committee to see about obtaining a new pastor to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Clark. A. B. Gardner, Solomon Wright, H. W. Myers and G. T. Parker.

## FLORIDA.

The Republican caucus held Wednesday evening was presided over by Elmer D. Rice with L. E. Ruberg as secretary. The delegates chosen were:

State, Elmer D. Rice.  
Congressional, F. S. Rice.  
County, L. E. Ruberg.  
Senatorial, L. E. Ruberg.  
Representative, C. H. Reed and E. D. Rice.

E. D. Rice was chosen chairman of the town committee for the ensuing year; L. E. Ruberg, secretary and C. H. Reed, treasurer.

## FRUIT FOR WINTER USE.

A Method of Canning Described in Good Housekeeping.

There are two distinct methods of preparing fruit for winter use—canning and preserving. Both have their advocates and merits. A knowledge of each is necessary where much fruit is to be prepared, as some fruits are best canned and others best preserved. Old housekeepers who are used to preparing fruits "pound for pound" look sometimes with disfavor upon the newer method of canning, which requires less sugar and more cooking and keeps the fruit more like its natural shape. Perfect jars must be used, both for canning and preserving, and great care must be taken in sealing them so that they are perfectly airtight. The fruit must be of the best, the syrup of right proportions and boiling hot and the jars filled to the brim.

To can fruit, pack it in jars. Make a syrup of sugar and water, using the proportions for different fruits given below. Fill the jars three-quarters full with boiling syrup. Put the covers on without rubbers and do not screw them tight. Place the jars, resting on a rack or bits of porcelain, in a boiler of tepid water, which should reach nearly up to the necks of the jars. When the water begins to boil, allow time for cooking, according to the table given below. Take out the jars, remove the covers and fill to the brim with extra boiling hot syrup. Put on the rubbers and screw on the covers as tightly as possible. If the jars are turned bottom upward after securely sealing them, an imperfect one will betray itself by allowing drops of juice to escape.

Pint jars with wide necks are convenient to use, as a pint of fruit is usually enough for one serving in a small family. If the syrup gives out, use boiling water to fill the jars, so that all air may be excluded. Canned fruit should be opened an hour or more before serving, so that the air may penetrate it. In addition to the foregoing Good Housekeeping gives the following useful rules for quantities and times:

The amount of sugar to a quart jar of quinces, 10 ounces; peaches, 6 ounces; Bartlett pears, 6 ounces; small, sour pears, whole, 8 ounces; pineapples, 8 ounces; crabapples, 8 ounces; plums, 8 ounces.

Use one cupful of water to each quart of small, juicy fruit, and two cupfuls of water for large fruit. Make a little extra syrup with which to fill up the jars. Boil plums 12 minutes; Bartlett pears (halves), 20 minutes; small pears (whole), 30; peaches (halves), 10; peaches (whole), 20; pineapples (sliced), 15; crabapples (whole), 25.

Hearing from my wife and the malds yesterday morning, I called him up and with my wife did him up. I was not able to stir, and yet I could not make him confess any of the lies that they tax him with. At last, not willing to let him go away a conqueror, I took him in task again and pulled off his frock to his shirt and whipped him till he did confess that he did drink the whey, which he had denied, and pulled a pink, and above all denied the candlestick upon the ground in his chamber, which he had denied this quarter of a year. I confess that it is one of the most honest things I have ever seen with think such a little boy as he could possibly be able to suffer half so much as he did to maintain a lie. I think I must be forced to put him away. So to bed with my arm very weary.—Samuel Foggy.

## DEATH.

(To a theosophist.)  
Both, there is no death, you say. That, intending, wait as slimy evidence, dinging and dinging to a mortal sense, mechanical manner of a parlor play. No, my friend, death is a day of death. Of Godly wisdom and of penitence, is given no sight of the Supreme, but thence Shin symbol manifest, and as the may find the truth and the truth and the truth. Mystery, where the soul itself does glass. Where art, stern eyed, and vision of well Discovers of things eternal, until death. Rings for the veil to fall, the show to pass—Dissolve as dissolve, he saith.

—George C. W. Warr in Academy.

## THE GHOST OF WAYNE

As the small sailing yacht drifted slowly past the bluff at the entrance of the lake bay, the two men sailing her stood breathlessly watching the strange lights which seemed to rise and fall at intervals on the spot where the old blockhouse stood in the days when Mad Anthony Wayne, with his troops, was stationed at the fort and where he was buried in 1796. As the boat drew close to the shore Herbert Manning, the younger of the men who had been striving in the semidarkness to make out what the unusual lights were, grasped his companion by the arm, exclaiming excitedly: "Look! Look quick, captain! There are three persons on the ground where the old blockhouse was burned down. How queer they look. You can almost see through them. I move away from here, it makes my flesh creep."

Captain Ross, who had a most profound contempt for the superstitious notions of the sailors are imbued with, looked long and earnestly at the group before he spoke. At first he thought perhaps some hot-headed feud was being settled with firearms at an hour of the night when they could best elude the vigilance of the authorities; but, not the figures which could be distinctly seen through the mist were unlike the people of the present day. The military man, standing with head erect and one hand extended as if issuing a command, looked wonderfully like the old portraits of General Wayne. Standing before him, with folded arms, was a young man in the dress of a lieutenant. His face expressed defiance and despair. Kneeling before the general was a slight girl, with clasped hands raised in supplication, and a man whose face looked hard and merciless in the blue ghastly light which made the scene so weird that the captain, as well as his young friend began to have a weak feeling about the knees as they gazed spellbound through the mist at the uncanny pantomime. The woman, who seemingly had pleaded in vain, suddenly springing to her feet, threw her arms around the young lieutenant, and in that instant all three figures disappeared. No vestige of the scene enacted remained, although the yachtmen, straining their eyes to trace a shadow of what they had seen, could distinctly see the ground upon which the ghastly trio had stood.

A moment later the moon, bursting through a cloud, shone clear and cold, and the block spot where Mad Anthony Wayne had once been buried.

"What could they have been doing?" again asked the younger man, with a glance at the bluff they were fast leaving behind as their sail, answering to a stiff breeze, carried them toward the lower pier. "I do not know, Bert," replied the captain with a short laugh, trying to conceal the nervous feeling he could not shake off. "I doubt whether it was any one 'on earth.' If the old story told by some of the sailors be true about the bluff being haunted by the spirits of 'Mad Anthony Wayne' and the young lieutenant he had shot as a deserter, I imagine we have seen the specters tonight. I have never believed in ghosts, but this beats me. It is a trifling too supernatural to suit my taste."

"I will tell you the story of General Wayne and his favorite lieutenant as it was told me by an old resident of Erie, who moved there from Pittsburg at the time Anthony Wayne died and was personally acquainted with the facts."

"We all know from history that General Wayne was one of the bravest and most daring soldiers of the Revolution, and as an Indian fighter had scarce his equal. He did not know the meaning of the word fear, and as a disciplinarian he was a terror to all who were under him. Among the young officers on his staff the one he liked best was a fair haired youth of 24 years, to whom he had given leave of absence to visit his bride, to whom he had been married but a few days when he received marching orders."

"He was a great favorite with General Wayne, and when he saw him joyantly happy with the permission to remain 48 hours with the object of his affection. At the expiration of that time he was to report promptly for duty. He started on his short journey with hearty good wishes and congratulations of the other less favored officers, who, although they might envy him, did not grudge him the 48 hours' freedom from duty, nor the happiness before him. It seemed a long time, but, alas, how short it was!

"The bride, a dainty little woman unused to discipline of any kind, with loving imperiousness so bewitched the heart and brain of the young husband that the hours flew unaccounted and the general command to return in 48 hours was unheeded—was actually forgotten until four hours over the allotted time. They had passed before the lieutenant realized he had disobeyed orders, and he was about to return and sue for pardon, trusting to his good standing with the general to influence his granting it. It was a hope that showed how little he knew Anthony Wayne. There was not upon record a time when mercy was shown by him to one who set at naught any of his commands. Were his nearest, dearest friend to offend in that way, while under military regulations, he would mete out the full measure of punishment without flinching. No matter how palliating the circumstances nor how strongly his own heart plead for the offender, the offense must be met with the penalty laid down by the law. Woefully ignorant of this, our young hero was hopeful. He sincerely regretted his thoughtless act of disobedience, but his only fear of punishment was that he might be put under arrest for a few days."

"As he was bidding the little wife goodbye and trying to reassure her that all would be well with him, two stalwart soldiers entered the door unannounced and, without further warning, arrested him as a deserter. 'As a deserter! Merciful heavens!' exclaimed the lieutenant, realizing in an instant the horror of all that meant."

"I am not a deserter! Who has dared to accuse me as such?"  
"Our orders are from headquarters, sir," replied the sergeant, showing him a paper, the warrant signed by Anthony Wayne. The doomed man, crazed with the thought of what his fate would be, looked about wildly for some chance of escape, but the soldiers of General Wayne were too well trained to neglect their duty or to even show the pity they felt for the young man, whose offense, seemingly so slight, must yet pay the penalty of a late deserter."

"The brief hours of happiness had cost them dear. What a sad—aye, terrible—ending of that short honeymoon! The girl's bride, white with terror, yet not realizing the awful sorrow before her, was sure that she could save her husband from punishment were she to plead for him with the general, who had been so gracious to her when they met that she could not believe him cruel. Hastily saddling her own horse, she had followed close behind the soldiers guarding her husband, determined that nothing should prevent her having an interview with General Wayne."

"Arriving at the fort, she dismounted, and, slipping past the guard before they could prevent her, had forced her way into the presence of the general. It was said of 'Mad Anthony' that, however stern and unbending he might be to his men, with women he was tender, deferential and yielding. They could not believe the stories about his cruelty, and the little woman who stood before him was not prepared for the stern order given to the sentinel to 'escort this lady to the outpost and then report for lack of duty at once' who has dared to let her through the guards."

"This is no place for you, madam," he said more gently, but throwing himself on her knees before him she pleaded as only a loving woman can plead for the man whose life is dearer to her than her own."

"She might as well have appealed to a rock as to Anthony Wayne, for, although every word she uttered stabbed him to the heart because he was fond of the young lieutenant whose future had seemed so full of well earned hope, yet no thought of granting the pardon in his power entered the stern commander's mind. In his estimation there could be no reprieve for a soldier who willfully or through careless disregard of orders had placed himself in the light of a deserter."

"Lieutenant G. stood before the man whose power was unlimited with folded arms awaiting his sentence. Without a plea for his life and honor, without the usual court martial, or, in fact, any chance of escape, he was, condemned to be shot at sunrise as a deserter. Not a sign of agony felt was shown by the doomed man, whose bright young life was to pay the penalty of a few hours of happy forgetfulness of time, but as his wife, springing to her feet, threw her arms around him as if to save him and with a shriek of terror fell at his feet unconscious, the lieutenant turned and looked at Anthony Wayne. It is said that General Wayne never forgot that look while he lived, and that when the report of the muskets reached his ears at sunrise that fatal morning he dropped his head on his hands and groaned aloud, and it was not well for the hapless soldiers who had business with him that day."

"One word from him might have saved that life, which lay like a gift in the palm of his hand—only one, but two lives, for the girl bride never recovered from the shock of that day. Dying, she cursed the hard hearted soldier who took from her all that made life dear to her. For that reason, and because when the bones of General Wayne were taken from the grave to be buried at West Point and turned to their present



